Dare Accepted

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Dare Accepted

by stellaspectral

Summary

Another night, another reckless challenge between Raph and you, his “Princess Pain-in-the-Ass.” But tonight’s dare isn’t about rooftops or near-misses. This one targets the unspoken, dangerous current crackling between you—and neither of you are willing to back down this time.

Notes

This story is based on **this request**.

See the end of the work for more notes

The chilly night air whips strands of hair across your face as you land, light and sure-footed, on the rooftop. Raph is not so graceful.

“Seriously? That leap was pathetic,” you jeer. “My great-aunt Agnes could’ve cleared that gap with more style, and she uses a walker.”

He rounds on you. “Yeah? Let’s see you top it then, Princess Pain-in-the-Ass.”

This is how it always starts.

Taunts, one stupid challenge tumbling into another, each more reckless than the last: a parkour dash up a crumbling water tower that almost sent you both plummeting. A game of chicken with the late-night subway train that left your ears ringing for an hour. You two are a powder keg and a lit match feeding off each other’s audacity, pushing each other to dizzier heights of recklessness until one of you gives.

Though tonight, the air crackles with something more than just competitiveness. Something that hums low in your belly and tightens your chest. It’s the dangerous, unspoken current that always flows beneath the surface of your verbal sparring, a magnetic pull you both pretend isn’t there. How his eyes sometimes linger a second too long, the way your breath hitches when he gets too close.

“I could do that blindfolded, backwards, and juggling chainsaws,” you say, your voice dropping a little. You take a step closer, tilting your head up to meet his gaze. “But I’m tired of these playground stunts. Think your tiny turtle brain can handle a *real* dare?” You move closer, your eyes locked on his. “Something that’ll prove if you’ve got actual guts, or if it’s all brawn and a bad attitude.”

A low growl rumbles from his chest, the intensity of his green eyes a physical force. “Spit it out before I decide to test how far *you* can fly from this rooftop.” Despite the threat, his gaze holds a spark of something beyond anger.

“So you in?” You smirk, knowing you always get under his skin. “Or are you scared of something you can’t just bludgeon into submission?”

The air between you practically sizzles. He’s close, the heat radiating off his plastron a tangible thing against your skin. The silence stretches, taut and electric.

“What’s the catch?” he asks, his voice gravel, rough and suspicious. “There’s always a catch with you.”

“The catch?” You raise an eyebrow, a slow, deliberate smile spreading across your lips. “The catch is you actually have to use that thick skull of yours for something other than a battering ram.” You lean closer. “I dare you … to eat me out. Right here. Make me scream your fucking name so loud the rats call the cops.”

Silence. He doesn’t move, doesn’t seem to breathe. For a heartbeat, the only sound is the distant rumble of a train, the skittering of a lone rodent below. You hold his gaze, unflinching,

though your pulse thrums a frantic rhythm against your skin. Watching as a complex series of micro-expressions play across his rugged features.

A muscle feathers along his powerful jaw. He's processing. Calculating. The insult, the dare, the sheer, brazen carnality of it. The flicker of his internal debate. His gaze drops, just for a fraction of a second, from your eyes to your mouth. Then lower, a swift, almost imperceptible sweep that makes your breath catch.

Still, he says nothing. The silence is his weapon now, trying to unnerve you, to make you break. But you don't. You hold firm—because this is the precipice. One word from him, one move, and everything changes.

"You think I can't handle a little taste, Princess?" he rumbles, his voice a gravelly caress that sends shivers down your spine despite the bravado you're clinging to. "You think I'd back down from *that*?"

"And what if I don't scream?" you manage, your voice a little breathier than you'd like.

His grin is wolfish, all teeth and challenge. "Oh, you'll scream, Princess. Don't you worry about that."

Before you can retort, his large hand comes up to cup the back of your neck. His thumb brushes against your pulse point, an intimate gesture that sends your heart into overdrive. The contrast of his rough skin against yours is electrifying. He doesn't give you time to think, to second-guess—

Because he's guiding you down to the gritty rooftop surface. On your back, you see the star-dusted sky above and Raph's silhouette eclipsing the moon. "Get your pants off," he orders, voice thick with a raw hunger that matches your own.

You remove your boots and unbutton your jeans, fingers fumbling slightly. A delicious, thrilling tremor snakes through you, making your skin prickle and your nipples tighten to hard points beneath your tank top. He watches, his eyes dark, intense, burning holes into you as you slide both the denim and your panties down your legs, tossing them aside.

He kneels before you, his gaze dropping to your exposed cunt. You see his eyes fixate on the glint of metal nestled in your already slick, swollen folds. An appreciative growl rumbles from him. "Well, fuck me," he mutters, a rough edge of surprise in his tone. "Always knew you had a wild streak."

He brushes his thumb against your clit piercing, sending a jolt straight to your core. You gasp, your knees threatening to buckle despite being on solid ground. A flush creeps up your neck, a mixture of vulnerability and a strange, reckless pride. You issued the dare, after all.

And now, you have to see it through.

"Oh, I am *definitely* gonna enjoy this."

His head dips lower. You can feel his warm breath ghosting over your inner thigh. Every nerve ending in your body is on fire, anticipating. Your fingers curl into fists at your sides, digging into the gritty concrete.

Then, he's upon you. His tongue laves your slit, then your clit. He sucks hard, pulling the sensitive flesh, the metal of your piercing cold against his tongue for a nanosecond before it's heated by his mouth. A strangled gasp tears from your throat. His hands clamp onto your thighs like vises, digging into your flesh, pulling your legs wider as he devours you.

"Fuck, Raph … oh god …" you moan, your voice already cracking, hips bucking instinctively.

He grunts, a satisfied, animalistic sound against your wet skin. And his tongue lashes harder, faster, circling your clit. Teasing the piercing with flicks and swirls, then diving lower to lap at your dripping entrance, tasting your readiness. He's relentless, a force of nature intent on breaking you.

One of his hands slides between your quaking legs, fingers probing your entrance. "Holy shit, you're soaked," he growls, his voice muffled against your sensitive flesh. "Fucking dripping for me already." He pushes a digit inside, stretching your eager pussy. Filling you in a way that makes you cry out.

He fucks you with it in a rhythm that mirrors the assault of his tongue on your clit. Then he adds another, stretching you further, making you whimper and squirm. The pressure builds—a tight, coiling knot deep in your belly. A volcano of sensation threatening to erupt, begging for release. Your nails dig into his shoulders, trying to anchor yourself as the world tilts and blurs.

"Oh god, oh fuck, Raph, I'm—I'm so close—" you stammer, words dissolving into choked sobs, your mind splintering into a million shards.

He hears the desperation, the imminent break in your voice, and attacks your clit with renewed ferocity. Sucking and licking and flicking that little bead of metal until you're a live wire, every nerve ending screaming.

Then it happens, an all-consuming tsunami of pleasure crashing through you. Originating in your core and radiating outwards in scorching, unstoppable waves. Your back arches, a raw scream ripped from your throat. "RAPH!"

A torrent, hot and copious, bursts from you, gushing all over his face. Drenching his chin, soaking your inner thighs, running in rivulets down onto the concrete. Your hips buck and grind against his mouth. He doesn't flinch, doesn't pull away. Just keeps his mouth latched on, growling his satisfaction into your spent flesh as he laps you clean. Your body convulses, aftershocks racking your frame, leaving you trembling, breathless, utterly undone—

And still wanting more.

He finally pulls back, his face slick and gleaming with your essence, a feral, triumphant grin splitting his face. The light catches the shine on his lips, the wetness smeared across his chin.

He lets out a rough chuckle. “Fuck,” he rasps, his voice laced with a smugness that’s surprisingly hot. “You taste like goddamn victory.”

You’re a wreck, limbs trembling, core still throbbing with phantom pulses. A glorious, quivering mess. Each breath is a ragged, shallow gasp. Your fingers uncurl from his shoulders, leaving faint marks he’ll probably wear like badges of honor. His gaze is locked on your cunt, still swollen and glistening. With a thumb, he flicks the piercing, sending another jolt through you.

“Still think I ain’t got the shells?” His free hand comes up to wipe some of your squirt from his jaw, then licks the residue from his thumb with a slow, deliberate, predatory relish that makes your stomach clench anew. There’s no apology in his eyes.

Because he met your dare and fucking *conquered* it.

“Shut … up,” you manage, the words weak but still defiant. A shaky smirk plays on your lips, a pale imitation of your usual fiery confidence. “You just … got lucky.” Even now, soaked and spent, the urge to provoke him—to keep the game going—burns in your blood like an irresistible, addictive fever.

His grin widens. “Lucky?” He leans in close again, his hot breath fanning your ear, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial growl. “Luck ain’t got shit to do with it. That was just the appetizer.” He shifts his weight, his thighs pressing against yours. “Now,” he murmurs, his eyes boring into yours, “what’s the next dare, huh? Or are you all tapped out already? Gonna cry uncle?”

A low, throaty laugh rumbles from your chest, a sound that’s part exhaustion, part exhilaration, and all challenge. You meet his intense gaze, your own eyes glittering with a reckless fire. “Appetizer?” you scoff, pushing yourself up on shaky elbows. “Please. You barely made me break a sweat.”

A blatant lie, but the game must go on.

“Alright then, tough guy,” you say, your voice regaining some of its characteristic bite. “You think you’re so big, so bad?” You run a hand down your own stomach, over your still-quivering pubic bone, your eyes never leaving his. “I dare you to fuck me. Right here. Right now. Show me what that ‘victory’ *really* tastes like when you’re buried deep inside, when you’re stretching me to my fucking limits.” You smirk. “Or are you scared you can’t handle the main course, Raphie-boy?”

The air thickens, becomes almost unbreathable. Raph’s grin freezes, then slowly morphs into something harder, darker. His eyes narrow into dangerous slits, boring into you with an intensity that feels like a brand searing your skin. He doesn’t speak for a long moment. But you can see the muscles in his jaw working, the cords in his thick neck standing out.

And you know, with a certainty that sends a fresh jolt of liquid heat straight between your legs, exactly what his answer will be.

“You sure you can handle it?” he asks. “Don’t come cryin’ to me when I split you in two.”

You moan as you watch him free himself. His cock is a magnificent sight—thick as your forearm, heavily veined with a spade-shaped head that's already weeping translucent precum.

"Legs open. Wider," he commands, his gaze fixed on your drenched slit.

You obey, a tremor of anticipation making your thighs tremble uncontrollably as you spread them wider, offering yourself up to him like a sacrifice to an ancient, hungry god. Instantly, he's between your legs, the head of his cock pressing against your slick folds, nudging your entrance. You gasp, barely able to comprehend the size of it—when he thrusts inside you.

A raw scream tears from your throat. It's a burning, almost painful fullness that robs the oxygen from your lungs. He's huge, filling you completely, stretching your inner walls to their absolute limit—and then some. Your eyes fly open wide, your fingers clawing at the concrete, trying to find purchase.

"Fuck … Raph … holy fucking shit," you choke out, the words fragmented by the overwhelming invasion. "You're so … BIG!"

He groans, a deep, animalistic sound ripped from the very depths of his chest as he sinks himself all the way to the hilt. He stays there for a moment, buried deep inside you, letting you feel every fucking inch of him. Letting the reality of what you dared him to do sink in. "Holy shit is right," he growls, his hips already starting a slow, deliberate grind that sends jolts of agonizing pleasure through your overstimulated nerves. "You wanted it, you fucking got it."

His movements, initially slow as if savoring the novel sensation of being sheathed within you, quickly escalate. Each thrust is a brutal claiming, driving deeper, hitting your cervix with a force that makes you gasp and see stars. He fucks you like he fights, with raw strength and a relentless, focused aggression. There's no finesse, no tenderness, just the unadulterated force of his need crashing into yours. His fingers dig into your hips, leaving bruises you'll feel for days, tilting you, angling you for his pleasure, for deeper penetration.

"Oh god, yes! Fuck me harder, Raph!" you cry out, your earlier bravado completely incinerated, your voice raw and shredded by the all-consuming pleasure. "Don't you fucking dare hold back!"

Your clit, still sensitive from his tongue, becomes even more so from the grinding friction of his plastron. You meet his raw, savage force with your own desperate, bucking hips, trying to take him even deeper, if such a thing is even physically possible.

"Like that, huh?" he grunts, the smirk audible in his voice as he feels you clench around him, your inner walls desperately trying to accommodate his impossible girth. He slams into you again, harder this time, driving the air from your lungs with a punishing impact that elicits another high-pitched shriek from you. "You like it rough? Knew you fuckin' would."

His pace quickens, his thrusts becoming more frantic, more savage, each one a punishing delight that pushes you closer and closer to the brink of oblivion. He leans down, his face close to yours, his eyes blazing wildly, his pupils blown wide—black holes that threaten to

swallow you whole. “Scream my name again. Louder. Let the whole goddamn city hear who owns that pretty pierced cunt.”

His words, filthy and possessive, are like gasoline poured directly onto the inferno already raging deep inside you. “RAPH!” you scream, his name ripped from your throat. “FUCK ME, RAPH! FUCK ME UNTIL I CAN’T FUCKING WALK! BREAK ME!” Your words are a desperate, shameless plea that feeds his lust.

He roars, his thrusts becoming a punishing rhythm. He’s a machine, driving into you with a brutal, single-minded efficiency that leaves no room for thought. Only sensation. Your legs are wrapped high around him, trying to pull him deeper.

“That’s it, scream for me!” He lowers his head, his teeth grazing your neck, then your shoulder, leaving possessive marks you’ll treasure. “You fucking asked for this. Every goddamn inch.” He pulls back almost all the way, making you whine in protest—before he slams back into your abused pussy with a force that makes your vision white out for a second.

The pressure in your core is unbearable, a tight knot of pure, agonizing bliss. A supernova on the verge of detonation. You’re starting to feel the telltale signs deep within your belly, the way your muscles are clenching and spasming uncontrollably around his cock. “Oh god, Raph, I’m gonna … I’m gonna come!” you sob, the words barely coherent.

“Yeah, you fucking are,” he growls, his own breathing harsh, ragged, and shallow, his control rapidly disintegrating. He feels your inner walls begin to tighten, to milk him, and it pushes him irrevocably closer to his own edge. He fucks you even faster, a frantic, desperate pace, his hips slamming into yours with a force that you welcome, that you crave. “Come for me, Princess.”

His cock hits your G-spot with a relentless, almost targeted precision, each thrust a wave of overwhelming sensation. Your body convulses as a massive, shattering orgasm rips through you, more intense than the first. You scream his name again and again, a broken, keening litany as your cunt clenches around him. Fluids gush from you once more, coating his cock, spilling down your thighs.

Your cataclysmic orgasm seems to trigger his own. With a final, guttural roar, he drives into you one last time, burying himself as deep as he can go, and you feel his hot, thick seed flood your womb. He groans, a long, shuddering sound of pure, animalistic release, his face contorted in a mask of pleasure. His body trembles with the force of his climax, his hips still twitching, pumping weakly inside you as the last of his potent load spills out, painting your insides.

Then he collapses onto you. He’s still buried deep inside you, his now-softening cock a warm, comforting presence. You both lie there, tangled inextricably together. Breathless, boneless, spent. A reminder of the beautiful, glorious devastation he just wrought upon you.

He nuzzles his face against your neck, his rough chin scraping your skin, before he lifts his head just enough to look down at you. His eyes, still hazed with the afterglow, are surprisingly soft—though the usual feral spark, the glint of the untamed beast, lingers like

embers beneath the surface. “Well, fuck,” he rasps, his voice still thick and gravelly, a smirk tugging at the corner of his lips. “Didn’t actually break you, did I?”

There’s a hint of genuine concern in his tone, and you manage a weak smile, your eyelids heavy. “You wish, turtle boy,” you murmur. “Just … warming up.”

He chuckles, a deep, chesty sound that vibrates through you. “Warming up, huh?” He props himself up on his elbows, taking some of his weight off you, but he doesn’t pull out. His gaze drops from your face, down your sweat-slicked body, to where you’re still intimately joined. “Felt more like a goddamn inferno in there. You tryin’ to melt my shell from the inside out?”

You let out a shaky laugh. “Figured your outsides were tough enough, had to find a new angle of attack.” You lift a hand to trace the line of his jaw. “Besides, you started it with the whole ‘victory taste’ thing. Just returning the favor … with interest.”

“Interest, huh?” He lowers his head again, his lips brushing against your ear, sending shivers down your spine. “You think you got anything left to pay with, Princess?” His voice is a low, intimate growl, laced with a possessive satisfaction that makes your toes curl. “Or did I finally drain that smart mouth of yours, along with everything else?”

“Never,” you murmur, stroking the nape of his neck. “You just … temporarily emptied the tank.” You take a deep breath, inhaling the scent of him. “Give me a minute. I’m sure I can think of something else to make you sweat.” Your hips give a small, involuntary buck against him.

His teeth nip at your earlobe. Not painfully, but enough to send a jolt straight to your pussy, which clenches around him reflexively. “You threw down the gauntlet. Don’t think for a second I’m letting you pick it back up until I say so.”

“Is that a dare?” you breathe, a wicked smile spreading across your lips, even as your body hums with a delicious, aching weariness.

He chuckles, a rumble against your ear as his grip tightens possessively on your hip. “Nah, Princess,” he growls, voice pure possessive gravel, “that’s a goddamn *promise*.”

End Notes

Kudos and comments welcomed 😊

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